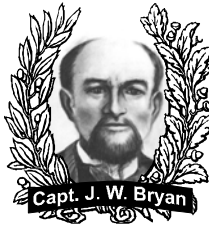


THE CALCASIEU GREYS



Capt. James W. Bryan
Camp 1390
Sons of Confederate Veterans
Lake Charles, Louisiana



Lt. Isaac Ryan
Chapter 205
Military Order of the
Stars and Bars



May 2004

*Winner of the 1992-95 Dr. Paul Jon Miller National Newsletter Award
Winner of the 1997 Harvey Hutchinson State Newsletter Award
<http://www.geocities.com/scv1390>*

Next Meeting

The next meeting of Captain James W. Bryan Camp 1390, will be at 7 p.m. Tuesday, May 11, at Big Daddy's Restaurant, 3205 Common St. in Lake Charles. Commander Tommy Curtis will present the program on the historic funeral of the Hunley crew, held 17 April in Charleston, S.C. He took part in the historic event, along with several other members of the camp. Also at the meeting we'll report on the state convention held May 8 in Baton Rouge. New Louisiana division officers were to be elected.

Commander's Comments

Editor's Note: Commander Tommy Curtis, who attended and represented Captain James W. Bryan Camp 1390 at the historic funeral of the Hunley crew in Charleston, responded to an editorial cartoon in the Charleston City Paper which attacked reenactors, and besmirched the memory of the crew as well, by stating they were "backward thinking." The cartoon showed reenactors and the horse drawn hearse with the remains of a crewmember, and made a disrespectful statement about both. Here is Commander Curtis' response:

I received a call today (27 April) from a reporter for the Charleston City Paper to verify authorship of my letter because they were considering running it. He said they had received quite a few letters about the cartoon. I assume that they are considering others to run, also. Gentlemen, it appears that the number of letters coming from all parts of the Confederation have gotten their attention. Let's keep the skeer on'em!!!

To the Editor:

As a member of the Louisiana Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and a civil war reenactor who has worn both, the blue, and the gray, I availed myself of the once in a lifetime opportunity to attend and be even a small part of the last funeral for those who "wore the gray." Throngs of Charlestonians, Southerners, civil war reenactors, aficionados of civil war history, service men and women currently serving in the armed forces of our reunited country, and patriotic Americans generally, lined the streets of the 4 1/2 mile route of the funeral procession, honoring our valorous past and the ultimate sacrifice of these heroes who, either by their birth on her sacred soil, or by adoption from another

land, were true Sons of the South, and defenders of their country. However, the Charleston City Paper, in stark contrast to the mood, manner, and mores of a higher minded citizenry, chose to run a scurrilous editorial cartoon attacking the "thinking" of those who, even today, have the character, the guts, and the gumption to honor local patriotism and the defenders of home and family from an invader whose silhouettes of warships could be seen offshore in the distance and whose artillery shelled noncombatants, including, of course, women and children. I suppose the Union Navy, in a demonstration of the egalitarianism to come, was an equal opportunity bombardier.

The backward thinking the CCP would accuse those who remember our past of having would be preferable to some of the "forward" or "progressive" thinking that has brought the us the Modern Unitary State ushered in by the ultimate victors the Hunley so rightly defended Charleston against.

The CCP doesn't really mind that we remember these men; they just don't like that we remember them correctly. They would rather that we remember them within the context of the post-modern view; that we only remember their vices, their faults, their defeats, and their humiliations. Certainly, we are not to remember their virtues, their traditions, among them the code of chivalry, or any of the things that made them illustrious, those things that endure, and by their enduring, make them endearing. The heritage represented, perhaps not by these men individually, but by the people of the Southland that they defended, is worth preserving and defending even today, and, I believe especially today when one considers the societal decline occurring all over the empire.

Certainly we aren't supposed to remember that they were men who, like us, were products very much of the times in which they lived, and, in some respects only, but important respects, better times than we now live in today.

Where is the backwardness in memorializations of fighting men who made the ultimate sacrifice in defending the very city where they are now buried? Where is the backwardness in giving honor, even if the honor is 140 years in coming?

The most charitable thing that can be said about the Charlestonian editorial board is that they are confused in a very fundamental way. Although the art department of

the CCP shows great skill in drawing cartoon figures, the editorial board needs a real lesson in history, not to mention Southern manners.

Tommy Curtis

Fact Sheet Being Compiled

Compatriot Wesley Beason is compiling an informational fact sheet about the Confederacy that the camp can hand out as an educational tool. If you have any brief statements that he could add to this list, please send them to:

Wesley Beason, 8 Harman, Sulphur, LA 70663.

Gramling Announces For Lt. Commander-In-Chief

Compatriots of the SCV,

Compromise can be a good thing.... except when truth and honor are sacrificed. When Southerners compromise their Confederate Heritage, the message is sent to the world they are ashamed of their ancestors. Compromise says our ancestor's legacy is untrue and not worth defending. Compromise tells our detractors they are somewhat correct in their assumption about anything Confederate. It's unfortunate there are members (some of which are in leadership roles) too willing to compromise our Confederate Heritage away in order to get along or hope to be tossed a "bone" from the politically correct, history revisionist or the Morris Dees types. Cowards compromise. Our ancestors were not cowards...and neither are their SONS.

In recent years, the SCV has had real leadership to combat compromise and steer this organization in the right direction. It's essential the membership support the current course of the SCV for the very survival of our Confederate Heritage.

In Dalton, GA, at the SCV National Reunion, I will be standing for the position of Lt. Commander-in-Chief. The Sons of Confederate Veterans offer many ideas, programs and opportunities for growth and retention. Camps and Divisions are well aware of these. However, regardless of the information available from IHQ, it does no one any good unless the membership takes advantage of these tools. It is my goal to see substantial growth, retention and to continue the SCV in its present direction. Also know, the word COMPROMISE is NOT in my vocabulary.

It is my hope that you will support me for the position of Lt. Commander-in-Chief. For more information, questions, suggestions or endorsements, you can visit my website at www.gramlingforltcic.org.

Thank you,

In the Bonds of the South

Paul Gramling, Jr.

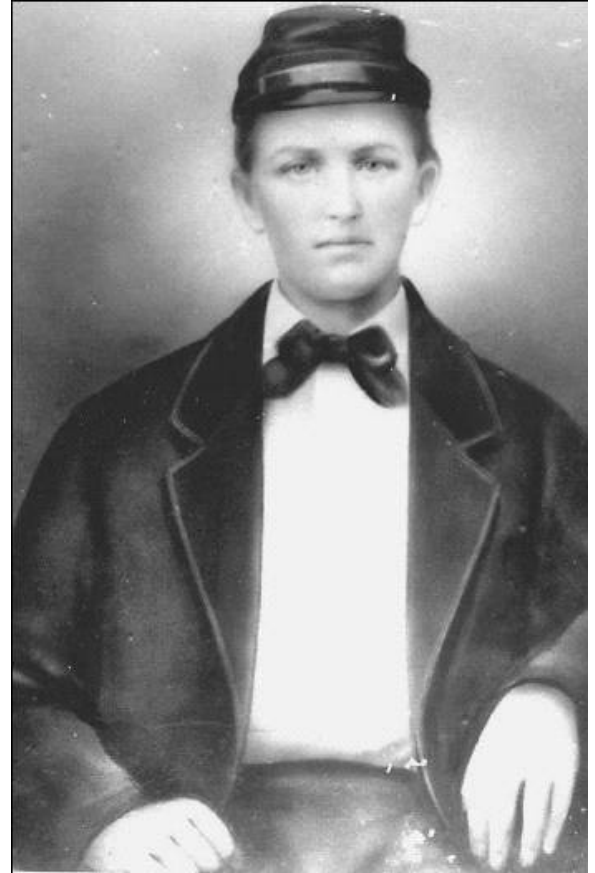
Past Commander, Army of Trans-Mississippi

Past Commander, Louisiana Division

Remember the Battle of Calcasieu Pass

In remembrance of the 140th anniversary of the Battle of Calcasieu Pass, which occurred 6 May 1864, here is a letter written by one of the Confederate participants:

Battle letter tells of hardships, horrors



Private William Kneip

Pvt. William Kneip was killed in action at the Battle of Calcasieu Pass on May 6, 1864. According to his brother Henry's recently discovered letter, one of William's legs was torn off just beneath the hip by fire from the USS Granite City, a blockading gunboat. William, with other casualties of the battle, is buried on the battlefield on Monkey Island in a long-abandoned graveyard.

BY MIKE JONES

CAMERON — The stark terror of combat comes through in a recently discovered letter by a participant of Southwest Louisiana's only War for Southern Independence battle, the Battle of Calcasieu Pass.

The battle occurred May 6, 1864, on what is now Monkey Island in Cameron. It involved two gunboats, the USS Wave and the USS Granite City, and a small contingent of Confederate infantry, artillery and cavalry from the Sabine Pass garrison.

The letter was written by Henry Kneip of Creuzbauer's battery, 5th Texas Artillery. His brother, William, was killed in action in the battle, and the author gives details

of the fatal wounding, as well as the actions of the contending forces.

William Kneip, who was about 24 years old at the time of his death, is buried on the battlefield that is now the site of an abandoned graveyard. The Kneip brothers were natives of Germany. Their family settled in Round Top, Fayette County, Texas, in 1852. On the 1860 census of Fayette County, Henry was listed as 23 years old; William was 20. Two younger brothers, Adolph and Ferdinand, apparently twins at 17, served in another Confederate unit, Waul's Texas Legion. The two younger brothers survived the war.

The letter was handwritten in old German script and had to be translated into English. Christie Patterson, a great-great-granddaughter of Henry Kneip, had the letter translated and brought it to the attention of historians.

Here are the contents of the letter, courtesy of the Jefferson County Historical Commission:

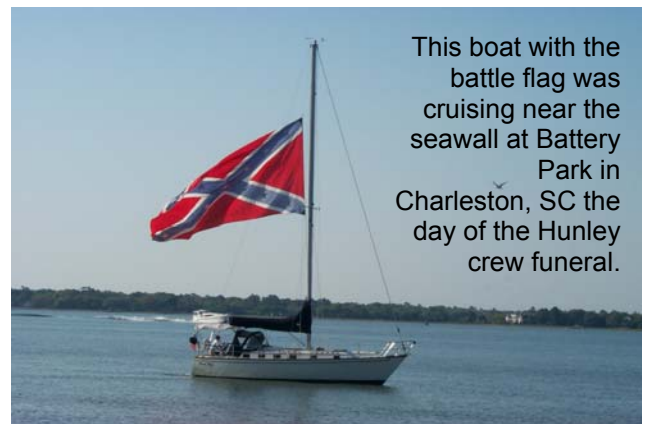
Our Battle at the Calcasieu Pass
Documented For Our Children.

We, half of the Creuzbauer Comp., were stationed at Sabine Pass. The other half was with our horses at Industry Camp. On 4 th May 1864 we received orders to get ready to go to Calcasieu Pass the following day, about 30 miles from there in Louisiana, in order to take 2 enemy war ships, which lied there with the intent to plunder cattle and other things. On the 5 th, we, including our cannons and carronades, were loaded onto a steam boat and taken up the Johnson Bayou to a stop place, about halfway, where we unloaded again in order to continue marching from there. We departed then and marched on until we reached another Bayou in the evening, which we had to cross. Its bridge across, however, had been burned down by the Yankees. Consequently, another bridge had to be built across, during the course of the night, and therefore we put up camp until the bridge was completed. When the bridge was completed, we started up again, and arrived on the battlefield before daybreak. Prior to that, however, we had a touching experience. Our escort men, about 150 infantry men, had departed before us; however, before we reached the battle field, we caught up with them again. There all of them, following the command to kneel down for prayer, were kneeling down in order to pray. That was a prayer and by all means moving to watch as the wild cowboys were praying, because everyone could expect this to be his last prayer.

Yes, everyone could imagine that it would be a hard battle. There the black monsters were lying in front of us with 16 black cannons of the latest construction, and we were supposed to fight against them with our tiny 4 cannons: 2, 12 & 2, 6 pounders. Nevertheless we went up to 1000 yards distance in battery and opened fire. The 1 st and 2 nd cannons took aim on the Granite City, the 3 rd and 4 th on the Wave. The Yankees did not waste any time and started firing on us. The first was calamity for us, it hit my brother Wilhelm beneath his hip, and tore off his leg, and killed some of our horses. That was a hard blow, but after we had laid Wilhelm to the side, and he, inspite of his serious injury, encouraged us to "give it to them," we began firing with vehemence as fast as it was possible to do: load ready fire, load ready

fire until we got orders to move forward. When, beforehand, I looked after Wilhelm one more time, my poor brother was dead. We moved forward then, up to about half of the distance and gave fire with the same speed as before, and fired our balls, shot after shot, into the Granite City. Finally it raised a white flag and surrendered. The Wave, however, kept on fighting, but now we united the 1 st and 2 nd cannons, our fire, with both ... against the Wave. Until after some time again orders were given to move forward to the shore. The orders were followed and we moved forward and we moved forward to the shore and opened up fire again. Here where we had the ships close before us and were able to have a closer look at them. I said to Walter v. Rosenberg who was in charge of the aiming, "Look at the funnels, and aim somewhat behind them, there the boilers should be located."

Whether he had listened to me or whether it was by accident, when the cannon ball hit, the entire ship became filled with steam, everywhere steam came streaming out, then a white cloth was blowing on the Wave, as a sign that they surrendered. We ceased fire accordingly, expecting them to send a boat so that we could take possession of the ship, but everything remained quiet. Nothing stirred on the ship. When this took too long for us, we fire another shot, which resulted in the white flag being hoisted up at the flagpole. Following our demand they found a boat and we took over the ship. Now victory was ours, now we had time to look around, before we had not. Now we realized the bad condition we had been in. Our cannon the 1st was the only one that had forged ahead to the shore and that was still in battle. The 2nd one had sunk into a soft area in the ground during the last advance. Our drivers: Fr. Koetz & Fr. Kiel were Texas boys, who had already driven on the road, and they knew the soft places and avoided them, those from the 2nd cannon were Maxmilianer and did not know it. The 3 rd cannon was without horses and men but one of 2 men and had to stay with the 2nd position where also the 4th cannon was shot to pieces and apart of the company fatally injured. We had gained a glorious victory but it was bought with a high, a very high price. The men of the 1st cannon were: Alex v. Rosenberg, Wm. v. Rosenberg, H. Kneip, W. Kneip, Wm. Peters, Wm. Yurs (or Schurs) & Winn and the two above mentioned drivers.



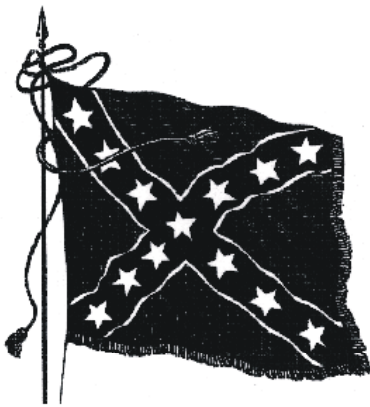
This boat with the battle flag was cruising near the seawall at Battery Park in Charleston, SC the day of the Hunley crew funeral.



Scenes from the Hunley crew funeral in Charleston, SC on April 17, 2004.



Captain J.W. Bryan Camp 1390, SCV
Lt. Isaac Ryan Chapter 205, MOSB
<http://www.geocities.com/scv1390>



**FLY THE
FLAG!**



The South's Defenders